

"What fools these Mortals be!"

MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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OUT OF THE FOLD.

"Oh, dreadful! They dwell in peace and harmony, and have no church scandals. They must be wiped out."

PUCK.

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 KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

PUCK'S PANTHEON.

This week immortalizes

WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

He is the William Maxwell E.,

The slinger of the Dic-ti-o-na-ree,

Whose language any lexicographer daunts

And the lexicographer's sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC.

THE San Francisco *Daily Stock Report* is now the administration organ of the recently established Occidental Republic. It will be remembered that this influential Pacific coast journal was the first to call attention to the bad treatment the States in that neighborhood had received by the action of President Hayes in vetoing the bill restricting Chinese immigration.

Of course, under the circumstances, there was nothing for California to do but leave the happy family of States, and run a government on its own hook. We sincerely regret the step it took, but we shall always look back on that event with the proud consciousness that it was not our fault.

Turning from this awkward little matter, it is a source of great gratification that we are enabled to felicitate the new Occidental Republic on the choice of its first President, Mr. Dennis Kearney. There is no man, in that part of the country at least, who is more fitted to occupy that proud position; in many respects we think that the Occident has done better than the Orient in the matter of Presidents, although Mr. Kearney is greatly indebted to Mr. Hayes, for giving him points in that memorable interview between them last fall. The whole business of California's withdrawal was positively arranged on that occasion.

Messrs. Flood and O'Brien, Senator Jones, Bonanza Mackay, were mentioned as opponents of Mr. Kearney; but it was quietly whispered that they were too rich. Mr. Kearney, too, is rich, though not in filthy lucre; it is a much stronger, if not higher distinguishing characteristic he goes in for.

It will not be seriously denied that Washington was the alleged Father of his Country. Dennis Kearney may with equal justice claim the paternity of the Occidental Republic, and while on this point, it occurs to us that the careers of these two great men have many points of similarity.

Washington said, "the British must go." Kearney said, "the Chinese must go." Both did their level best to get rid of these barba-

rians—and succeeded. Then again, Washington cut down a cherry-tree—Kearney drove a truck. Washington said he could not tell a lie—Kearney said that moon-eyed lepers were not desirable members of society, and some rich men were lecherous bondholders. Washington swore like a trooper—Kearney swears like a troop of troopers and Billingsgate in combination. Washington had a very multitudinous and remarkable variety of headquarters—Kearney took up collections everywhere. Washington had a butler—so had Dennis Kearney. Washington's body lies buried at Mount Vernon—Kearney's lies—but here, unfortunately, the historical comparison ends. But we yet live in hopes that ere long we may be enabled to complete the parallel.

THE MARTHA WASHINGTON RECEPTION.

It was a great night for patriots last Friday at the Academy, on the occasion of the very successful Martha Washington Reception, for the benefit of St. John's Guild. This time no aromatic Pekoe tea was sold, with cup and saucer included, price one dollar; no dulcet strains from a Chinese orchestra filled the atmosphere. But in lieu thereof was a military spectacle and tableau vivant representing the inauguration of Gen. George Washington, whose name may not be altogether unfamiliar to our readers. The whole of Mr. Washington's relations, his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, from far and near, were summoned to take part in the festivities. They were on hand, and with the aid of the very identical Bible on which Washington swore his inaugural oath, an effective picture of that memorable event was exhibited. Wall Street wouldn't know itself if it could have taken an intelligent peep at this inauguration scene. The conspicuous absence at the present day of little red brick houses, Federal Hall, and cocked-hats and knee-breeches, made all the difference.

The Press Committee Room was under the charge of Mr. Charles Chamberlain, jr., of the *Express*, whose genius as a host made that small and not over-decorated apartment a perfect bower of bliss in its way. It takes a journalist to understand a journalist's feelings—especially from a spirituous point of view; and we are inclined to regard Mr. Chamberlain as past-grand-master of his profession.

A GREAT DEAL BETTER.



"You want to go to dot Arion Ball? Oh, no, you don't want no such ding. You want gwiet, galm regregation, uf der gind wot elefate your moral nature. Kellner! ein oder cup tea; and down dot exbense!"

Puckerings.

A low girl—Mini-mum.

Do you want to buy a pair of skates, cheap?

TALMAGE emphatically denies that awful row-boat story. That settles it!

TALMAGE wants to know, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Certainly, so long as he keeps the East River between him and Brooklyn.

It takes nine tailors to make a man; but at the price they're charging for reversible ulsters this year, one tailor is all-sufficient to break any man short of a millionaire.

DISAPPOINTMENTS come to us early in life. One of the first we experience is when, in school-days, the teacher's rod comes down upon the palm of the hand which we hold out unflinchingly, because we have generously rosined it. Ouch!!!

THERE was no end of PUCK at the Arion. He was in the procession, and there were three of him on the floor. The great original takes pleasure in congratulating his representatives on the grace and skill with which they managed their crayon-holders.

THE calendar is an inflexible old-fogyish arrangement that has no sympathy with the pleasures and anticipations of youth. It made Washington's Birthday fall on a Saturday this year, and thus deliberately cheated the poor school-boys out of a holiday.

If there be a moment when the most dogmatic old bachelor is fain to admit that there is something pure, holy, and much to be desired in the connubial state, it is when he essays to trim the finger-nails of his right hand with a pen-knife, and cuts one to the quick.

WHEN George Washington was six years old, his father made him a present of a little hatchet, etcetera.

"George," said his father, "who has destroyed this cherry-tree?"

"Father," said the noble lad, "I cannot tell a lie; the hired man saw me do it."

"Come— etc.

THERE are men who would pass the most exquisite of paintings without deigning a single glance. They have no soul for art. Probably they would not know a Correggio from a chromo, in equally handsome frames. And yet the most unimpressible of them is invariably attracted by the artistically graduated combinations of dark tints that tip the finger-nails of the average barber.

"THE Princess Louise offers a bounty of £1 apiece for triplets born in the Dominion." Now, we want to understand the conditions of this prize-tournament exactly. Is it to be £1 for each of the three youngsters, or for the entire litter? And what's offered for a quartette? We are thus inquisitive, you see, because, if there's any money in it, we may move into Canada ourselves.

Notice.

No. 9 (issue of May 7th, 1877), No. 14 (issue of June 4th, 1877), No. 26 (issue of September 5th, 1877), and No. 56 (issue of April 3rd 1878) of "Puck" will be bought at this office, No. 13 North William Street, at 25 Cts. per copy, No's 82, 84 and 85 will be bought at full price.

OUT OF THE FOLD.

IT was recorded of old that the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair; and the subsequent developments are understood to be directly responsible for the existence of the present population of this earth.

But what was in those days a monopoly of the divine offspring is now a privilege whose exercise is incumbent upon all mankind. The sons of God, represented at the present day by gentlemen with white chokers and sing-song voices, are so generally reduced to the level of common humanity that they are only distinguished, as a class, by the fact that they are non-producers in a world that must produce to exist.

The fact is, the heaped-up centuries have crushed down the gentleman in the choker in a way that must be terrible for him to think of, if he ever thinks very deeply. He no longer holds fate and fortune, destiny, death and damnation in his hands; he has become merely a negative power in society, his worship is but the correct card of a Sunday, no longer an inevitable tribute. He is now little more than a mild social luxury; a gentle bugbear for the common and criminal classes; a representative of traditions once salutary and important—a pleasant fellow whom we ask to dinner when our country cousins are staying with us.

Yes, he is a shorn Samson, the gentleman in the choker. His ancient privileges are gone; and with them his duties. He is supported by the community, and some wild radicals have alleged that he is too expensive for his value; but the sum total of his board and lodging is not great, after all; and he is retained because the average man feels that he himself spends enough in the things that are *not* to afford a trivial tribute to the things that *are* conventionally accepted as virtuous. Who objects to paying for the white lawn ties of an amiable and estimable gentleman, when by so doing he saves his immortal soul from the supposititious dangers of a possible hell—taking the chances on the existence of the said soul?

So the unproductive gentleman in the choker manages to exist, and keep his place in the business-like civilization of the practical nineteenth century, though but one of all his primal glories remains unto him.

That glory is the one obscurely hinted at in the first part of this article. The privilege therein referred to he has always continued to exercise. Chaucer remarked on the fact, several hundred years ago; and Mr. Theodore Tilton, although a much inferior poet to that first warbler whose sweet breath preluded the melodious bursts that fill the spacious times of great Elizabeth with sounds that echo still, observed the fact and commented on it still more freely than his ante-Elizabethan predecessor.

Therefore the recent outcry of the gentlemen in the white chokers, in professional session assembled, does not greatly astonish us.

When a man among his fellow men shirks the duties of manhood, and neither works like a man nor plays like a man, he is apt to pride himself very highly on whatever sole and solitary attribute of masculinity he yet conserves.

We have in the northern part of this State a little community of theorists who are banded together to carry out certain principles of their own. Their peculiar characteristic is their adherence to some ideas, rather odd in the eyes of outsiders, concerning the creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life. These ideas are very carefully systematized, and are diametrically opposed to those of the association in Lebanon, N. Y.

And whether these ideas are right or wrong, this people has seen fit to carry them out in a

quiet, orderly, decent and law-abiding way. It has flourished and waxed strong, and done no one wrong, and wise men have been satisfied to leave it in peace.

But we have all over the land a vast tribe of gentlemen in white chokers, who, entertaining the same idea, prefer to carry it out in secret and unavowedly.

And this bare and simple statement of facts may explain why the gentleman in the white choker regards the Oneida Community as a Blot and a Blotch and a Festering Sore and an Ulcer and a Canker and all sorts of things upon the civilization of America.

CHINEE, CHINEE, BUM-BUM-BUM!



THE cultured Caucasian child has been educated to sing the song at the washee-washee Mongolian which we have put in pretty type at the uppermost line of this article. 'The American child (especially if he be of Celtic origin) howls at the moon-eyed shirt-ironer, and his bum-bum-bum floats on the re-echoing streets as a *Bum, BUM, BUM!!!*

For his mother is a washerwoman
And he is a Chinaman.
But he might have been an Englishman,
Or a Nigger, or a Digger,
Or any other fellow.
But he is a Chinaman,
Ah, Bah!
Kick him, for he is a Chinaman!

Mr. Anson Burlingame one day skipped out from Boston and hied himself to China. Therein he made a solemn TREATY with a very sensible and exclusive gentleman, who wore his eyes peaked, and his hair long, rope-fashion, so he could brush off flies with it, and who was called Emperor of China. This TREATY opened the ports of America to all Chinamen, and opened all the ports of China to all Americans.

And be it understood
This was a very good
Treaty,

so long as it lasted. The East, the North, the South, and the *really* great West were satisfied with the Treaty. But then arose the

HOODLUM.

He arose from Kalifornee, and his papa was Dinny Kearnee, and he said, no never would he, allow the haythen Choinee, to washee, or workee-workee.

Then the Congressmen trembled. 'Frisco threatened to secede. Fellows thought the threat was a sort of opéra bouffe, and laughed. But Congress, from its big Senators down to its little Representatives, took fright. They have said, "Come in, Pat, and make our laws! Come in, Hans, and take our money! Come in, Jean, and tell us how to dress. All are welcome—it is the law of the land—Chinese excepted!"

But he is a Chinaman,
He would be a laundryman.
Ah! Bah!
Kick him, for he is a Chinaman.

TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR.

RELIGION, like Charity ought to begin at home, and stick. But, sad it is, that when a man has got religion, strong, he generally leaves it at home, with his work-a-day clothes; and with his gay garb of travel he puts on a friskiness which is not authorized by the precepts of the Bible, the Koran or any other literary books. But it is not alone of the religious cuss who leaves his sylvan home for the urban lair of the wicked we speak. No: he paves his way on the trap-blocks of L—good intentions. And when he escapes the terrible hackman with his licensed *habeas corpus*, he meets a greater terror—the naughty salesman.

This fellow is ubiquitous. He is always at every hostelry; hotel registers are as familiar to him as his 1-2-3. He knows all the R. R. Conductors, and he chums with the Captains and Clerks of every steamer. He has greenbacks, galore, in his pockets, and he is posted around town. The fellows who open wine with a curvilinear line of elbow and wrist; or who shake up fancy drinks with a graceful flourish, describing, as it were, Hogarth's line of beauty, are all known to the salesman.

The fellow who pokes colored ivories about on green-cloth at the end of a stick, and who ought to be Champion, if only he could have a square deal, is a familiar of the salesman.

The gay dames of the Buck—but in a religious article, it is better perhaps not to describe them. We can refer our dear readers to Bro. Talmage's sermons and the Song of Mr. Solomon, Mus. Doc.

Knowing these frisky parties the Spider Salesman goes for his Country Fly, and before he allows him to buy a bill of goods, he gives him fun out of many bottles, and he lets him have his mutton, which is not at all sheepish, with many capers. Frequent attacks of bottles of beer, intercommingled with much wine, more whiskey and lovely Wooman, so tend toward confousing a man's mind to that degree of utter confousedness, that he is willing to buy goods, at any price and to any amount.

Which is good for the Salesman.

For he sells on commission.

But it is a little rough on the merchant who goeth forth from his home in the country and is railroaded into the metropolis, with his mind intent on dry-goods, boots and shoes, hardware, and "notions" generally. For the ready cash in his plethoric pocket-book oozes out in payment for unwonted pleasures; and his ready signature scrawls over notes for many dollars, and his careless flourish at the end of his name describes the unpleasant word, Failure.

But what cares the nobby salesman?

He sells on commission.

And the grand city merchant gets rid of his old line of played-out goods, which is very good for him. If his country buyer fails, he can afford to compromise on fifty cents on the dollar. And then have money enough to subscribe for fancy charities and get his name in the papers.

Now, we don't fancy the Hebraic fashion of Chatham street, pulling us by the elbow and soliciting our purchase of shoddy coats and trousers. And the solicitations of Mercer street are not supposed to be allowable, except by the police. Then why cannot we allow our sylvan friends to make their exits from their native woods, and come here, untrammelled, to spend their little cash for goods?

Why shouldn't goods be sold
In a business way, great G—Heavens?
O, why do we send our purchasers home
Either at sixes or at sevens?

Don't vos dot ole Lom Kee rit some more book afder since dot "Mans vot Laughs a Leedle," eh?

TEMPORA MUTANTUR, ET NOS MUTAMUR IN ILLIS.

I.	II.
Ten years	That day
Ago,	You said
In tears	That May
And woe,	Had fled
We parted;	From <i>your</i> life;
We were,	You knew
You know,	Not what,
A pair	But you
Quite bro-	Could not
Ken-hearted.	Endure life.
My weight	Some cell
Was then	Should hide—
Just eight	Well! well!
Stone ten,	'Twas pride
Not weighty!	Or passion,
And yet,	For now,
I now	Indeed!
Can't get	I vow
Below	You lead
One eighty!	The Fashion!

ARTHUR HOSTAGE.

A FAULTY PROVERB.

IN following up the respective careers of the good and bad little boys, one's childish faith in the old proverb, which tells us that "virtue is its own reward," is apt to be seriously damaged.

About forty years ago George Washington Pitts and William Skinner Bolles first saw the sun in an old New Hampshire town of Sullivan county; and perhaps no better illustration has been furnished by History for the demonstration of our proposition, than that set forth in the lives of Messrs. Pitts and Bolles.

It is a notorious fact that during the babyhood of young Pitts, he was never known to wail, he only "piped;" while young Bolles was regarded by the entire neighborhood as an unmitigated nuisance, on account of his vocal performances. To be sure, the mother of the Bolles infant protested that Mrs. Pitts's baby was deficient in lung power, and hence was unable to discharge a good healthy yell; to which argument Mrs. P. always replied by a contemptuous sniff. Posterity will always be at loggerheads on this point.

At the age of six years the young Bolles was the terror of his mates at the school which Master Pitts also attended. Master Pitts had already commenced to absorb Sunday-school literature, and had taken for his guide one of the numerous army of moral prodigies provided by those books. He was never known to place bent pins in outrageous positions, and had only smiled once—on the death of an aged grandmother, when he remarked, "while a seraphic smile lit up his intelligent features," on the probability of his deceased relative being bettered by her departure. The quotation is taken from the county newspaper published at the time, which devoted some space to original remarks by precocious children.

Master Bolles, however, was a different being. He had already broken his arm; played "hookey," and beside the thousand and one perverse things which all healthy children are prone to indulge in occasionally, to the reverent wonder and admiration of all the other boys, had alluded to the "old man," and on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, had said "gosh dang" in the hearing of an admiring and awed friend.

On his tenth birthday young Pitts spent the afternoon in reading tracts to a sick laborer,

washed and wiped the supper dishes, and sang hymns in the evening to a group of admiring relatives. The sick laborer died.

At the same age William Bolles, who had excited the admiration of his companions some time previous by visiting a circus in a neighboring town, was the most expert melon-raider and apple-tree ravager in the county. He had also learned to play billiards, and smoked a villainous pipe. His parents gave him up as a failure at the age of fifteen, and with sorrowing hearts, as a last resort, sent him to Manchester to learn a trade.

On the contrary, the parents of the Pitt prodigy were continually shedding tears of joy at the progressive goodness and virtue of their offspring, whose education was being shaped by the village minister.

At twenty-one years of age young Bolles had developed into a fast youth, and the paternal Bolles had mortgaged his farm in order to raise money with which to pay off the gambling debts contracted by his son.

Young Pitts had a class in the Sunday-school and wrote temperance poems for the county paper. His friends predicted for him a brilliant future; while the career of his old companion, Bolles, was looked forward to with dread anticipations by the latter's parents, who were preparing to have their gray hairs brought with sorrow to the grave after the usual manner.

It is not necessary to follow in detail the further careers of our types. We will only request the reader to look in with us on the end and point the moral.

Young Bolles had early transferred his talents to one of our large capitals, where he drifted into the current of political life and became expert in intrigue. He soon was a prominent "ring politician," joined a fashionable church, married a fashionable woman, has sat a term in the Senate, has held important offices of trust in his adopted State, and is, in fact, thoroughly dishonest and respected. When he dies his obituary will tell us that he will be remembered for his many virtues.

George W. Pitts expired the other day in a poor-house.

L. T.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

FACT.

THE building is always a jam,
The auditors pedalwise slam.
And delightfully shout
When Lukens comes out
To talk of Elizabeth's dam,
Or, in other words, "The Mother of Betsy."

WISDOM.

SHE murmured rather pettishly:
"I wish you, sir, to understand,
When next you say good night to me
You're not to pause and squeeze my hand."
Her sister, wreathed in smiles as bland
As e'er angelic features lit,
Said: "Phoebe, if he squeezed *my* hand,
Indeed, I shouldn't mention it!"

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

GRIZZLERS.

Women have recourse to "grizzling," as men do to intoxicating liquor, when they are in trouble, with this very considerable difference, that a man hopes thereby to drown his cares, while woman nurses hers; and the man who, seeking nepenthe, falls to the low estate of an habitual drunkard, has his prototype in the chronic "grizzler" of the other sex.

She plants herself with her back to the sun. She looks over pleasant things that are, and sees unpleasant things that may be. She hides her face, affrighted, from the phantoms her own morbid mind has conjured up. She cries herself sick over some petty annoyance, and declares this world the hardest place to live in she ever knew. She will not allow one moment of happiness to brighten her dreary existence. The sweet fruit hangs temptingly before her, but she has persuaded herself that it is bitter, and she will not reach forth a hand to pluck it.

And when her diseased mind can find not a crumb of discomfort to feed upon, when her life should be a long-continued happy dream, still she frets, and worries, the tears well to her eyes, and she sobs: "Yes, I'm sure—I ought to be—happy—but—but—I—I—know it's too good to last."

M. W. B.

BACK!



PUCK, *log.*—Return to France, O Communists—Know ye not
That I alone am the true *Sans Culotte*?

PUCK'S PANTHEON.

II.

WILLIAM M. E.



"A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign his opponents and glorify himself."

A LOVE STORY.

"Oh, Samuel," the maiden cried
To Sammy sitting by her side,
"How could you now so cruel be,
And dig your elbow into me?"

"Oh damsel with the golden locks,
And stripes that run around your socks,
If my sharp elbow you did feel;
Here at your feet I humbly kneel!"

When he his love had thus confessed,
She placed her head upon his vest,
And when she whispered, thus she said:
"Oh, Sammy dear, when shall we wed?"

Oh, then they were tied fast for life!
They passed through months of wretched strife:
'Tis many years since they were wed:
And then they died, and now—they're dead.

THAT CANADIAN COURT AGAIN.

OUR good friend, Mr. E. G. P. Littleton—Low-necked Lieut.-Col. and lackey-in-chief to Governor Lorne and his wife—still appears to be hard at work with his spavined one-horse court at Ottawa.

Puck's correspondent at that place has furnished us with very full information of the recent proceedings, but we fear that we have not space to print the whole of it; but rather than our fashionable society should be kept entirely in the dark we shall refer to such portions as we think specially entertaining.

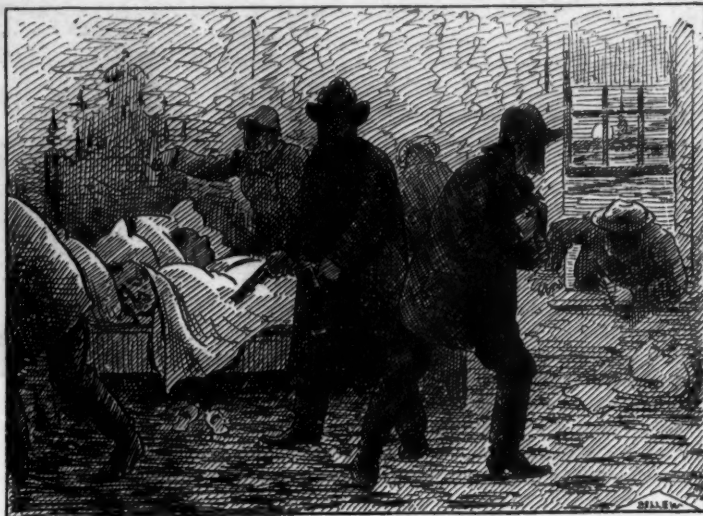
It is quite bad enough for the powerful British people to have to delude themselves into the belief that their royal family, who are morally, intellectually, and physically inferior to the average inhabitant of the country, hold their position by divine right, but it is rather crowding the mourners when all this antiquated and idiotic royal child's-play is transplanted to American soil. That soil is not under the jurisdiction of Uncle Sam, but it is quite in sufficiently close proximity to make us smile at the babyish pinchbeck amusements, not creditable in this enlightened age to able-bodied white men or women of the Anglo-Saxon or Latin races.

Puck does not object to Canada being a part of the British Empire, nor to its having a Governor who has married an agreeable young woman called a princess, whose weakness is a desire of seeing other women in low-necked dresses, but it grieves him to see otherwise sensible people qualifying themselves for the rôle of first-class toadies by a deplorably absurd worship of two young persons, neither of whom so far has shown special fitness for the position, or has ever done anything to entitle them to this fulsome attention. Puck cannot see for the life of him why this particular Governor's wife should have any more attention shown her than any other Governor's wife, or why both of them should be less easy of access to people they have to see than the President of the United States, or the Governor of any State in the Union. This divinity hedging a king business is getting as much out of fashion as jokes in *Punch* and John Kelly—poor Maximilian, if he could be interviewed, would doubtless have something to say on this point.

But altogether, we fear that Canada has hopelessly run to Snob, or why give its Assembly of Representatives the high title of House of Commons, and speak of the speech from "the throne," and holding "drawing-rooms"?

But what Littleton does is not done well, even for so accomplished a court lackey. He issues circulars of rules and regulations for his circus, the printing of which, much less the paper, would not even meet with the approval of a fifth-variety show audience. A diagram of the Senate chamber accompanies them—also a very bad specimen of Ottawa job printing, and is an evidence that Littleton and Lorne like to keep

MASQUE-RAIDS.



The most popular style at present of evening parties. N.B.—No admission without a mask.

the printing bills as low as the ladies' dresses. In this diagram an index-finger points out the line that the debutante is to take to reach the awful presence of Mrs. Lorne, who apparently runs the Dominion government show on joint account with her husband after the William and Mary style in English history.

Our correspondent writes:

"For a second-class sovereign he did very well.

"One old Moss Back came in and attempted to make a bow to His Excellency the Governor, but made a mistake and bowed to his servant, or rather his Major Domo. You could tell the former trade of each 'member' of our Congress by the way he bowed—another Haw Back was announced, who made a bow as though he was cutting hay. I whispered to His Ex. and said, 'A farmer, for the cigars.' His Ex. wouldn't bet.

"The A. D. C.'s drove the crowd like a flock of sheep or oxen—more like oxen, however, as the members of parliament understood that better. His Ex. was very much amused at a big-bellied Senator who puffed and blowed like a broken-winded horse; he bowed like a blacksmith. His Ex. whispered to me and said, 'A blacksmith, for the wine.' Of course it would not be right to bet, but he was right. A respectable old woman came along, His Ex. bowed very low, for she was the wife of a 'member.' She courtesied like a lady's maid—her former station.

"And so the Court Reception went on. The A. D. C.'s yelling like bull-drivers and the debutants frightened to death almost as their names were announced—generally wrong.

"Our friend Fanning, the dancing master of Toronto, rented a large parlor at the Russell House, and the way he coined money was a caution. There was a continual stream of these social neophytes in his rooms learning how to bow with 'dignity, grace, and modesty before Royalty.'

"You do not probably know that when our Parliament is in session that to leave the room one must bow to the speaker and turn then to the mace, a piece of gilded wood supposed to represent the Queen. Still these people consider it nothing, as it represents the Queen, you know."

We give the above extracts, not that they are in the choicest English or side-splittingly funny, but in order to show the alarming effect the presence a young woman who has been tarred with a royal brush is having upon our ordinarily rational Canadian friends.

POOR LO!

You are right, Puck, "What fools these mortals are," and you might add, "and what hypocrites, too." Look at this nation of nearly 50,000,000 people assuming an admiration of the character of Columbus, and of the patient endurance of his followers, down to Washington, and from him to the backwoodsman and pioneer of the present day. As if we didn't know better than to suppose that a pioneer or a soldier should object to being killed, robbed, or have his family scalped. What are they there for? Weren't the Indians there first? Wasn't Columbus an intruder? Wasn't Washington, by organizing the American forces, creating a power that could defend itself against butchery, guilty of an act that prevented the Indian exercising his legitimate function—killing whom he pleased? Our formidable army should be disbanded for obeying its orders; it should be held up to the scorn of right-minded people everywhere by that immaculate representative of modern justice—the public press. As well might they try to convince the world that the million and a half of men who took up arms in defense of the Union were sincere, as to insist that soldiers or others have any right to object to becoming the prey of Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses, Sitting Terminus, or any other gentle savage. If we had a few editors out west, all would be peace (or pieces). When Captain Jack invited Gen. Canby to a treaty, and then, having him alone, killed him, he illustrated that spirit of gentle peace that is so admirable in an Indian and so repulsive in a white man. When Custer and three hundred and fifty followers were killed, the people, in the momentary excitement incident to such an event, forgot to applaud, but it is all right now.

If an Indian cannot conduct himself in such a way as would bring a white man to the gallows, what advantage would there be in being an Indian?

So it is that when the Indians were prisoners recently at Camp Robinson, they naturally refused to recognize the authority of the U. S. troops, and, after shooting four of the guard, made a forcible escape. But the soldiers, according to orders already received by them, resisted the Indians and brought them back; of course, with that characteristic selfishness called by some self-preservation, shooting some in preference to being shot themselves. How long is this to last?

C. A. DEE.

PUCK'S HISTORY OF OIRELAND.

(Compiled from the Posthumous Notes of the late Professor
DINNIS MCBALLYWHACK, OF MAYNOOTH.)

CHAPTER II.

THE NATIVE OIRISH.—THEIR LANGUAGE.—EARLY
EXPERIMENTS IN AGRICULTURE.

It will be readily perceived that the Hon. S. T. Patrick, having a people and a large territory on his hands, found it incumbent upon him to civilize the one and to cultivate the other. The work was discouraging. Sometimes he felt as if he could reverse the order, and cultivate the people "wid the flat of a shpade" or the "skelp" of a hoe-handle, and civilize the ground by smoothing over its rough places with a harrow.

The fact is that the sacred animal of the ancient Oirish—the Pig—had entered into the Oirish soul to an alarming degree. It is slander that even modern maniacs who aver that man is descended from monkey, don't dare to openly assert, *i. e.*, that the Oirish are descended from hogs. But that close association, which in the marital relation will in course of time render husband and wife alike in character and tastes, had its effect on Pat and the Pig. The Pig gave Pat all his obstinacy, while Pat reciprocated by giving the Pig all his pugnacity; so that to-day, probably, Pat and the Pig are the two most pugnacious and obstinate animals on the face of the earth.

And the Hon. S. T. Patrick had great trouble with the natives. In those days, Pork, prattles and potheen grew promiscuous on the green soil of Erin. These were at once the necessities and luxuries of life, and the Oirish took no interest in art, literature or science. It was only when S. T. Patrick bethought him of agriculture, or rather of horticulture, that he roused the native heart from its sluggishness. He planted



THE SHILLELAGH TREE, AND ITS FRUIT

has ever been the pride and glory of Oireland. In fact, the increasing multiplication of this people, despite their migratory habits, demanded that the shillelagh should grow plentifully and bear fruit; for though the earth is 25,000 miles in circumference, it is absurd to think it could hold all the Oirish, unless a large percentage of them were knocked on the head, early. Thus, it will be seen that the shillelagh has done great things for Oireland—and still more for the rest of humanity.

The natives thus became interested in agriculture, and raised shillelaghs, shindies and ructions with such enthusiasm that the entire population was employed day and night. One reason for this was their little discussions as to their ancestry. The Oirish are, and were, a

proud race. They claimed to be descended from kings—all of them. And though they were all cousins back to the 47th remoteness of consanguinity, still there were not kings enough in their legends to go 'round. So they bickered and raised more shillelaghs.

At this juncture, S. T. Patrick found his agricultural work was so severe on the natives that the island would soon be depopulated if something wasn't done. He came to the fore. He showed them the green grass of Erin—"the greenest in the wurruld" he called it. And what made it so? The grace of Dinis J. Nebuchadnezzar, First King of Oireland, the only man who ever ate grass for his breakfast, and from whom they were all descended! (*Three cheers for S. T. Patrick.*) And here it may be noted that the Oirish are the only people who are affected mentally from the color of their grass; as may be attested by any housekeeper who has a green Biddy in her kitchen.

The next effort of the "Boss" was in the direction of the language of the natives, and he invented



THE OIRISH TELEPHONE.

His was a simpler instrument than those of Bell or Edison. He merely took off one of the shoon he had brought from Rome and told the natives to shout into it. The echo came back to him with a soft reverberation, which Pat heard and imitated. Thus was accomplished that great desideratum which was the hope of S. T. Patrick—that the Oirish should speak from their soles; and hence the proverbial truthfulness of the Oirish people.

In honor of the tongue of Oireland having been formed out of an old shoe, the sweet language of Erin was termed "the Brogue."

CONKLING AND BULLIGATOR. A CAUCUS.

(By the Author of "Aliunde; or Love Ventures.")

RINGING the bell at Senator Conkling's residence, I was at once shown in. The Senator stood alone—in his slippers. Modern degeneracy—from the Custom House—had not reached him. It was night. The Senate had confirmed his enemies.

"How are you, Esau, mee boy?"

I was well. He gave me his hand and his chair. We sat down in solemn silence. Not a leaf stirred. 'Twas Napoleon after Waterloo.

"Can I do anything, Senator?"

"Bulligator, friend of mee balmy boyhood, I fear all is lost but honor."

Francis the First said that at Pavia; Roscoe Conkling says it now.

"Two stalwart leaders," I murmured. "Do we hand our sword to the Man-at-the-White-House? Is it surrender?"

The great man—one of the most remarkable men of the century, sir—bowed his Roman head and Doric nose till the peninsula of hair standing out into the vast sea of forehead was lit by the lamplight dimly burning. Then he slowly shook that massive receiving reservoir

of political wisdom—the Conkling intellect—and started to his feet.

"Senator for six years, and, perhaps, President thereafter, surrender to the master of a base Custom House?—No! By the high white gods of far Olympus—no! *Delendo est Carthago—nil desperandum*, Bulligator."

"A thousand times no! *E pluribus unum!*" I cried, in the enthusiasm of the moment. "Hear me, Senator, for mee cause, and be still that ye may hear. The Man-at-the-White-House goes out to Ohio obscurity in two years; the Senator from New York goes on forever. *Ne plus ultra—sine qua non.*"

The Senator smiled with those Spartan eyes of his.

"Hah!" I cried; "then the bugles that sang truce shall sound again; the banners unfurl; and the army shall move on the enemy. Let us make the greatest effort of our lives, Senator, and if we fall, fall like great Julius at the Capitol, 'mid spurts of blood, and make Rome howl!"

He clasped my hand; he pressed it; he leaned that massive Roman head and Gothic brow on my unworthy shoulder. I felt like Atlas. And the hired minions of Power had persecuted this stainless statesman! The cerulean destinies of America watched us. Plymouth Rock stood still. Not a brick stirred. Bunker Hill was firm. There was silence in that dome of thought. The surges of the sea were heard not. They were far away. Not a surge stirred. His mind was in secret executive session with the doors closed. I could almost hear him think. His Athenian eye was fixed on vacancy—a vacancy in the Custom House. I spoke again softly.

"Senator, instead of attacking the White House in secret sessions of the Senate, and abusing the Democrats on the platform, let us make open war 'cross the rosy Rubicon where the bounding bloody bummers of Sherman lie, and, with a flourish of trumpets and roll of drums—"

He interrupted with a wave of that Ionic hand. I listened.

"Bulligator, leave me here a little, and if you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn. I would think; I balance; I waver. Mee brain burns with dreams of the impending future. I cogitate."

The Senator stood alone. Not a leaf stirred. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. 'Twas miles away in the New York Custom House. His eyes were again fixed on vacancy—the vacancy of Arthur and Cornell. If his gaze continues fixed, he will have another attack of sore eyes in 1880, as he had in 1876, and will not be able to see his way to making speeches for the Republican nominee. Beware!

THE recent elopement of Mrs. Gunn will cast a gloom over the entire block wherein she formerly resided. She will no more give her neighbors a shot on propriety, and can no longer boast that she came in a direct line from a good stock. But, alas, we moralize. Mr. Gunn is left alone to soliloquize:

Of all sad shots by pen or pun,

The shotist is I've lost my gun(n).

CLAUDE DE HAVEN.

THE HISTORY OF A DAY.

Two boys, one gun, went out to play;
One boy, one gun, came home to say:
"That gun was loaded, and by gum—"
But why resume? They did find some
Of t'other boy, and 'neath this stone
They're put what of him they did find,
Which certainly was very kind.

And now as here in peace I lie,
I wonder were the rest did fly.



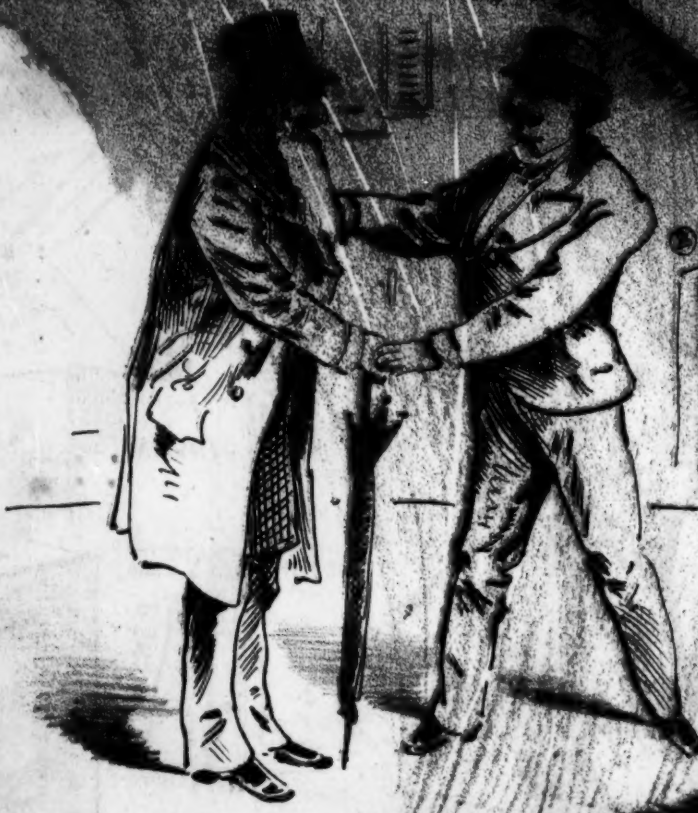
Deacon Smith can't attend church meeting; he has to go to New York to buy a bit of goods.



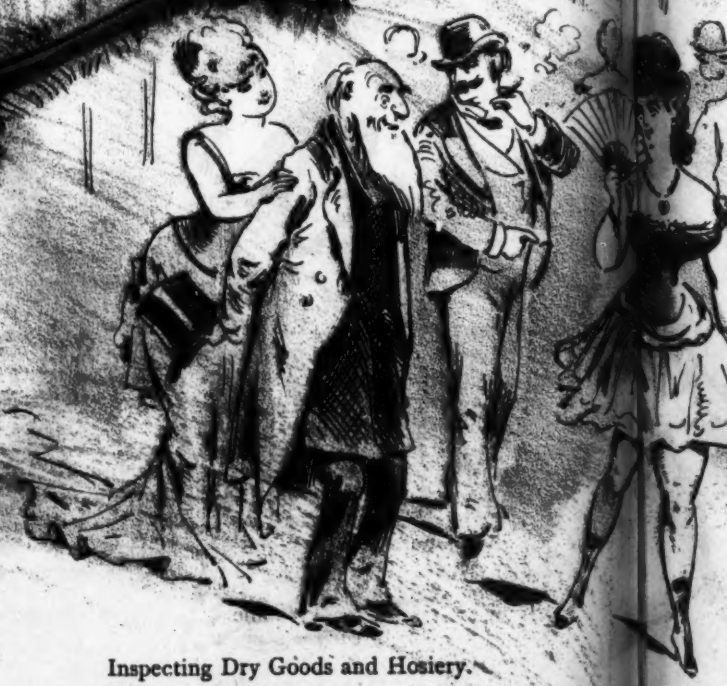
Salesmen searching for victims.



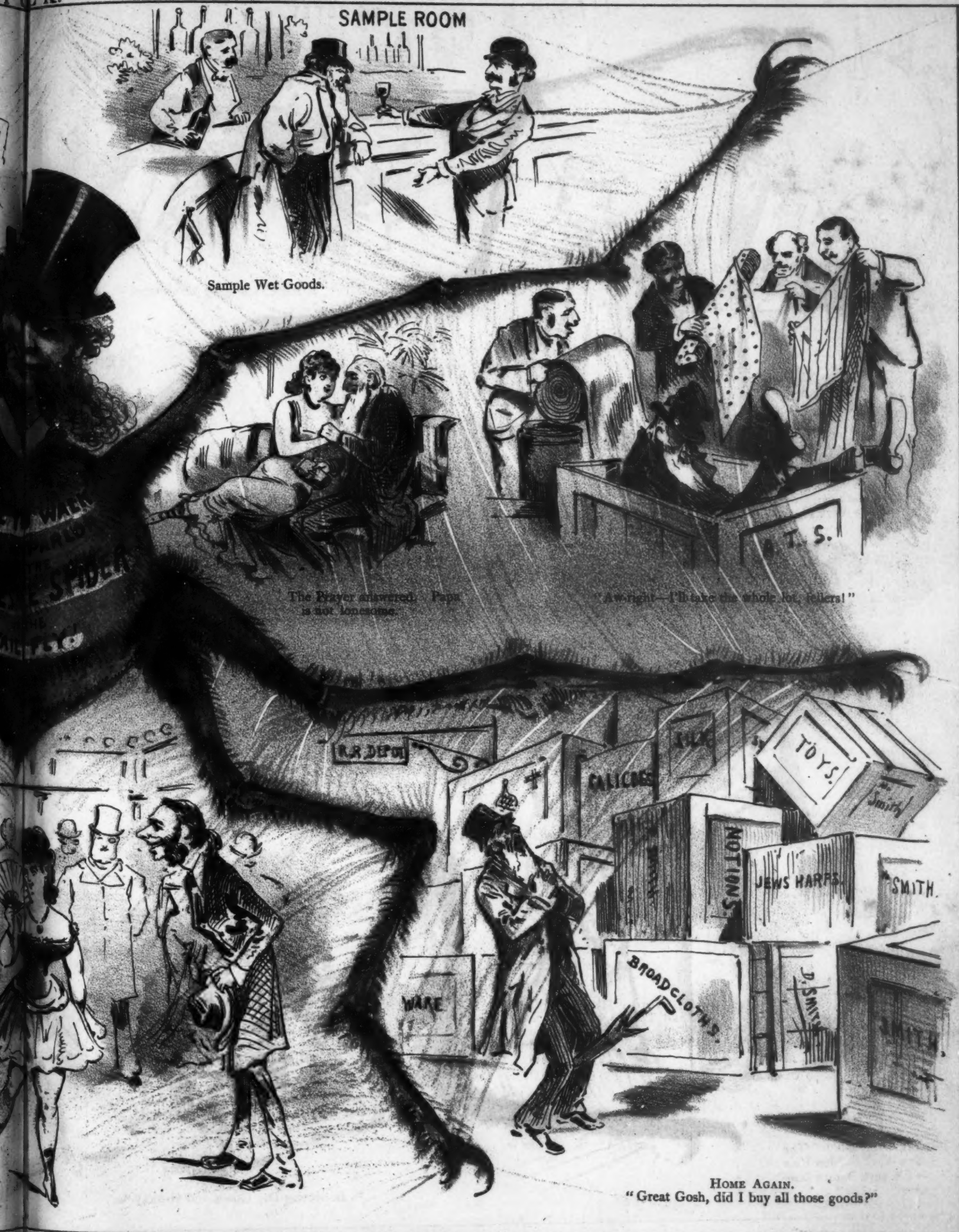
Praying that Papa will not be lonesome.



SMART SALESMAN: "The New York Golden Rule is Pleasure before Business!"



Inspecting Dry Goods and Hosiery.



SAMPLE ROOM

Sample Wet Goods.

The Boyer answered: Papa is not lonesome.

Aw, right—I'll take the whole lot, fellows!

HOME AGAIN.
"Great Gosh, did I buy all those goods?"

ALL AT THE MASQUERADE.



"Will you—er—permit me to ask what that costume and—er—hair are intended to represent?"

"The Sir cashin' girl, from Barnum's Did I—er—understand you to say—er—supper?"

THE ARION.

THE Arion had an attack of Carnival last Friday night.

It saw, not snakes, but dolphins and monkeys and Comstock statuary, and all sorts of things, with Keppler on a silver globe, presiding over the entire entertainment with more grace and dignity than one would have thought compatible with his perch.

Which only shows how terribly Keppler missed his vocation in becoming an artist instead of a bare-back rider.

The word Ball is inadequate to describe the Arion's carnival show.

An inspired circus struck by lightning comes nearer to it; but yet fails to do it justice.

If you don't believe it, try it yourself. Mix fifteen thousand people together with electric lights, music, masks, pink dominos, champagne, and promiscuous pageantry, and see what it looks like.

If you are a person of any perception you will at once perceive that the combination differs essentially, at least in its superficial aspects, from a funeral conducted on ordinary principles.

Yet both have this much in common, that they furnish food for reflection to a mind that makes a specialty of the reflecting business.

For instance (*N. Y. World*), at a funeral you wonder where the principal feature of the entertainment has gone. At a masquerade the reflective mind gets behind a post and wonders where everybody came from.

There are lots of things a really A 1 reflective mind can find to wonder about at a masquerade. Lots.

For instance (*N. Y. World*), you can wonder what social laws permit a chimpanzee with a rosette on his tail to be so damned familiar in his intercourse with you.

You can wonder whether the consciousness of rectitude and a well-grounded religious faith ever saved any man with a false nose on from looking as if he wished he could hide in his own vest-pocket.

You can wonder whether a Noble Indian, when in the last stages of intoxication, really talks Hamburg German, and cries because he isn't permitted to dance with a Columbine in silver spangles.

You can wonder whether, if a man in a hus-sar jacket could see himself as the fellow behind him sees him, he wouldn't go right away and shoot himself.

You can wonder why a woman always tries to talk French the moment she gets inside of a domino, and why she incontinently scoots when she encounters a genuine Gaul.

You can wonder if the fat Capuchin with the red face, who has been dragging a set-piece in the procession, would not rather have one full-blown schooner of lager than drink of the waters of life everlasting.

You can wonder whether it is the correct card for the Queen of Night to talk through her nose and giggle inanely at the remarks of a facetious idiot with a morbid mania for punning.

You can wonder how a man is expected to keep a mask on over a pair of eye-glasses; and whether you are expected to thrash more than seventy-nine men in one evening for making disrespectful remarks about "gig-lamps."

You can wonder, if you are a journalist, where the Press Room is, and why it is where it is, and whether it could possibly be in a worse place, and who is responsible for the absence of the customary and eminently proper journalistic hat-check, and what are your chances for getting coat No 3,221. Also how it is that everybody bows down before your maroon satin Press badge, as if you were a millionaire or a policeman.

You can wonder, towards the close of the evening (3:15 A.M.) how it is that three glasses of champagne can get into the lights and make them wiggle in that awful way.

You can wonder what that white domino with all the lace and the ivory fan meant by calling you a darling, and whether you really are a darling, or whether she only thought so; and what you ought to have done about it, anyway.

You can wonder why it is that you always had a particular fancy for white, from your earliest infancy; and why the color comes out so well under the electric light; and why that light won't stay quiet at one end of the building; and why "Du bist verrückt, mein Kind" has such a queer tendency to make your head go round; and if your head is really going round, or only the people; and why everybody is talking so loud and so much, and all in time with the band; and what it's all about; and why; and whether you'd rather do this or go a-fishing; and whether that isn't the white domino over there; and how long it would take you to get there; and whether it's worth while; and what are your chances if you trust to your faint reminiscences of a distinction between your right hand and your left; and whether after all—perhaps—somehow—you hadn't better go—go?—yes, go—that's it—HOME.

"Lemon or plain?"

"Plain, if you please."

THE THEATRES.

At WALLACK'S "Spell-bound" is keeping audiences much so, for the present. Our Demon Pressman is too exacting on this occasion to permit us to give it the notice it deserves.

"Engaged" is a remarkably clever production of Gilbert's, and receives as clever treatment from the PARK's excellent company. We venture to predict that "Engaged" will keep the PARK THEATRE in that way for some time to come.

"The Sorcerer" contains many good things, but Gilbert and Sullivan didn't shake up that sacred fire in its collaboration to the extent that they did in the Pinafore, and it will not prove as popular; but certainly not popular at all if Messrs. Edgar and Fulton can't find some people who know how to sing.

ALL AT THE MASQUERADE.



"What are you, anyway, dear?"

"Don't you see? Ariadne."

"Oh, yes, I see. She got left, I believe."

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

LXXVII.

THE CARNIVAL WEEK.



Ya-as, have weally been wanderwing arround, as they say heah, a aw gweat deal. I couldn't weally wecollect or weckon up all the arwancements we have allowed ourselves to be dwag-

ged to; but in the aggwegate they would amount to something verwy considerwable. Aw, yer see, if a fellow for varwious weasons has to wemain and exist in New York temporarily or thinks it too much of a baw to wetire fwom it in such horwibly fwigid weathah, it isn't a bad sort of ideah to participate in the amusements of the populace—can't call it pwecisely society, for there is such a fwightful mixture, especially at the pwesent perwiod. Fellaws at home, who have wead what I have witten on varwious occasions, must have dwawn such conclusions, or aw at any wate weceived such an impwession.

Jack and I were at a Martha Washington Weception, which is a wicidulously odd arwangement. Washington, ye know, was the fellow aw, the wingleader, who incited the ancient Amer-wican wesidents to webel against Bwitish wule, in the same mannah that the barbarwous Zulus in South Afwica have wisen up against their pwopah and naturwul wulers. Martha was a female welative of this aw Washington fellow, but I dñt know in how close a pwoximity.

Howevah there were severwul persons in costumes of, Jack says, a hñdred years ago, bearwng a stwong wesemblance to the portwraits of my gweat-gwand parwents in our Warwickshire picture gallerwy. These individuals were gwouped in a varwiet of postures in a square surwounded with wed bwick houses. Mr. Washington's nearwst living welative was supposed to be wepwesented in the act of taking an oath on an orwiginal Bible. There were young women with short dwesses and wathah pwetty ankles—that is, some of them; there were Highlanders, too; aw wathah surpwised, aw, thought militarwy fellows in kilts wetained their allegiance to the Bwunswick family, aw.

A CHARNEL-HOUSE ORGY.

JAMES PAYN IN "BELGRAVIA."

I WAS sitting two years ago, with an American lady and her husband, in one of the cool parlors of "Botham's," at Salt Hill—that fine old inn, which, though it had had its day, still up to that date maintained its dignity. I was telling them how in the "King's Room," above stairs, the allied monarchs with old Blücher had dined together, and how, every year, old King George III. or jolly King William had been wont at Montem time to visit the hospitable place, when the air rang with boyish shouts, and the full-foliaged garden was gay with Greek and Albanian, with Turk and Spaniard, with admiral and post-captain, all in duodecimo editions. The old-world legends of the place, and, above all, the literary air, blown across from Stoke Pogis (Gray's burial-place), not two miles away, delighted my transatlantic friends, and, indeed, we all three were having "a good time" at Botham's, and naturally enough, perhaps, we began talking about old English inns.

"Now, the inn of all others I should like to see," said the lady, "is the old Maypole Inn at Chigwell, drawn by Cattermole so beautifully in Dickens's 'Barnaby Rudge.'"

I did not know where Chigwell was, but I gallantly said, "And you shall see it."

There is nothing astonishes English people (and I hope shames some of them) in their companionship with their American cousins so much as the interest which the latter take in all things literary, and especially in the English classics. I will venture to say that the average educated American—and there are few who are not, at all events, well read in our common tongue—knows better than his English cousin where our great men are buried or have been born, where they wrote their more celebrated works, and what localities they have immortalized. This wish to visit Dickens's Maypole, for example, though every way pleasant and natural, was what had never occurred to myself, though I know my Dickens as well as most men, and love him more than most. But as to Chigwell, I had forgotten that the scene of the rioters' visit to the inn was laid there, and I only vaguely knew that it was somewhere in Epping Forest. Nay, I only knew Epping Forest as a spot rarely visited save by the wild East Enders on their Sunday "outings," and, in connection with some bill in Parliament respecting its preservation. To my American friends, just fresh from the Windsor glades, it suggested vast ancestral trees and herds of deer; and though I had my doubts of anything so noble as *that*, I partly shared their expectations. At all events, there would be the inn, more antique now than when the great novelist described it, with its huge porch and carved oak parlors, and gracious associations such as cling around the picturesque abodes of old. And there would be, methought, if not a venison pasty and black-jack of ale, still some good homely fare, and honest liquor in which to drink the memory of him who drew the raven and his master, and sent down Cattermole, R. A., to draw the Maypole Inn.

It is astonishing how quickly have fallen to Dickens's lot that tender reverence and sympathy among his countrymen—and, I may add, at least as much among his transatlantic cousins—which ordinarily takes many years, and even generations, to grow about a dead writer. A small and "highly cultured" clique, indeed, there still is who contend that posterity will pronounce a different verdict; but considering that their contempt for everything about them—people, places and things—is so overwhelming, and that the Present has almost no value

with them when compared with the Past, it seems to me that the Future and the opinions of our descendants should in their eyes, by analogy, have no value at all. In the meantime, it is certain that no writer has been so successful in making his works part and parcel of the language of his country, I do not say in so short a time, but even without that restriction. Dickens is more quoted by other writers, even by those who affect to depreciate him, than *any* author. The very sayings of his characters, as well as his characters themselves, have already, indeed, become "household words," and with respect to his humor, there is an especial and very melancholy reason why we prize it and yet use it so familiarly: with Dickens all real fun has died. We have still, and partly thanks to him, writers who have command of pathos, and who exhibit genuine sympathy with the lot of the Many; but with him all our high spirits seem to have died out. His loss has really done what that of Garrick was by an hyperbole described to have done: it has "eclipsed the gayety of nations." We have no one else who can tickle our heart-strings with a Micawber or a Sam Weller, and therefore we cling to those immortal conceptions, and are interested by even the scenes in which the Great Master placed them to play their own parts. In this respect the localities of "Barnaby Rudge," including the famous Maypole, have a double attraction, since an historical as well as a literary interest attaches to them. It was Dickens's first attempt, and a most successful one, at the historical novel. It is of necessity, therefore, in some respects less like himself, and in consequence has failed to secure the suffrages of "the clique" I have spoken of, less than any of his others. They are so good as to state that it is the first book in which Dickens exhibited any power of drawing a gentleman—in the person, I suppose, of Mr. Harewood, though it may possibly be that Sir John Chester has been identified by them with that type of character.

It was for far better reasons, you may be sure, however, that my American friends admired "Barnaby Rudge," and were anxious to visit the famous inn—itself so picturesque a fragment of old times—where old John Willett was tied and bound by the mad London mob, and where his noble son abode, whom she who has given her name of late to so many a fashionable garb clave to so faithfully, and about which still hang the echoes of that dread alarm-bell which, though it gave but a single knell, still speaks of murder done.

Naturally, all the arrangements for visiting the Maypole—an excursion which was, of course, to include the deer forest of Epping—devolved on me, the Britisher; and, to begin with, I am ashamed to say I had to consult "Bradshaw's Railway Guide" as to how we were to get there.

The East End of London is literally a *terra incognita* to us West Enders, and even our starting-point was much too distant to be reached by cab or carriage. An extension of the Metropolitan Railway, however, seemed to promise to take us to the required station, and by it, on the day appointed, we started accordingly. It landed us somewhere in the City, and from it we were directed by an official to Liverpool Street Station—only just across the way—where tickets could be procured to Epping. And here it was that our difficulties in search of the desired shrine began.

The booking clerk at Liverpool Street Station, when I said, "Three for Epping," replied, "For Epping?" doubtfully, and then consulted a little ledger. "Well, you see, you *can* go to Epping by this line of rail, but it isn't usual."

I did not wish, of course, to induce my

American friends to do anything more unusual than what they had in hand (for nobody that I could discover among all my circle of acquaintances, which is large, had ever tried the expedition on which *we* were bound), and accordingly I went back to the Metropolitan line to be directed on our way afresh. But, like the little damsel in the poem of "We are Seven," the officials stuck to their text—the Liverpool Street Station was the station for Epping, and, to their knowledge, a thousand people had gone that way "a-foresting" only that very morning. This latter piece of intelligence was not pleasing to me (though I did not breathe it to my friends), for a thousand foresters were likely to exercise a disturbing influence on a comparatively limited locality, and if any of them, by unhappy chance, should have a literary taste, they might have already seized and occupied the best—that is, the most picturesque—apartments that the Maypole had to offer. Upon our second application, the clerk gave us tickets to Epping, though, as it were, under protest, and giving us notice that we should have to change at Bethnal Green—the dimmest, ugliest, and most abject portion of London, and wholly unconnected with literature, except by a specimen of early ballad poetry, singular to say, comparatively unknown in the United States.

If a thousand "foresters" had preceded us on our road, a good many, it seemed, were still left to accompany us, whose lips even at that comparatively early hour had made acquaintance with the flagon; but they were not, I concluded from their style of conversation, persons who affected literature, nor, on that account at least, likely to visit the Maypole.

At Bethnal Green, and for many stations afterwards, our view was bounded by walls and roofs; but as we emerged from the great wilderness of brick and mortar, the pleasant fields of Essex began to appear as heralds of the fairer scenes beyond.

We were the only people, it seemed to me, who patronized the first-class at all, which perhaps accounted for the guard in his turn (doubtless with the idea of a "tip" in his head) patronizing us.

"For the Forest, I suppose, gentlemen?" said he, putting his head into our open window as we drew near our destination.

"Yes," said I; "for Epping."

"Oh, but Epping ain't the Forest, sir; very true it's *called* Epping, and you *can* get to it *from* Epping."

"How very extraordinary!" observed my American lady; "that is the very same thing the booking clerk said!"

I had no explanation to offer of this eccentric behavior of my countrymen, so I confined myself to asking which station would be more convenient for us to alight at, since Epping was not the place for Epping.

"Well, you had better try Loughton, sir."

I didn't like the idea of "trying Loughton," as though the notion of finding the forest at all (let alone our way in it) was doubtful; but of course I assented. However, before the experiment could be made, the guard's elbow appeared at the window again, with, "What *part* of the Forest, now, may you be in search of, ma'am?" He had observed by this time that the lady was our guiding star, as indeed she was (and deserved to be), and henceforth addressed himself exclusively to her.

"Well, we wish to go to the Maypole," said she sweetly.

"The Maypole? Ah, the Maypole Inn, that would be," answered he, as though we might possibly have come to dance about the pole itself. "Ah, then Loughton wouldn't be the place; you had best get out at Woodford."

(To be concluded.)



Puck's Exchanges.

DON'T allow the menu meat at a ball supper to stuff you.—*N. Y. News.*

HE sued for her hand before marriage, and her hand sewed for him after.—*Court Journal.*

IF America had a man named Nordenskjold they'd send him to the North Pole, too.—*Rochester Express.*

IT was a Philadelphia lady who said she was like the Indians because she had wore hoops.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

IT is safe enough to tickle a wasp under his wing, if you do it with a very long straw.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

BILLIARDIST Rudolphe is violently opposed to nursing. We suspect that he was brought up on the bottle.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE difference between a duck and a girl is that one is dressed to kill and the other is killed to dress.—*Washington Capital.*

THE greatest acquisition made by the U. S. Senate was when it had amassed a Don Cameron. No fossil, either.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

DID the man who Rhode Island ride straddle? It wouldn't take much of a stride to straddle that State.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

WILL the new "anti-lean" remedy keep our young men from supporting lamp-posts and corner buildings?—*Hackensack Republican.*

THE French are acquiring a more stable government every year. Paris alone consumed 11,219 horses for food last year.—*Norristown Herald.*

TALMAGE's smile would make a good cover for a circus tent.—*Detroit Free Press.* A little too open for a showery day.—*New Haven Register.*

WE never saw a phrase being so rapidly run into the ground by the newspapers as "never, hardly ever." That is, hardly ever.—*Norristown Herald.*

PIGS may not be very particular about their washing, but there are not many people who never saw any pig iron.—*O. P. Dildock, Toronto Weekly Gossiper.*

ANNA DICKINSON has just completed a new play which she calls "Aurelian." Aurelianna, aren't you turning out plays altogether too rapidly?—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE wisest man we ever knew was a Jew who remarked: "I tells you vat it ish, young man, I buys my eggsberience vresh efry day."—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

HAVING said nothing in a long while about lightning-rod agents, we hope we will be excused for remarking that they live by the rod and lie by the yard.—*Wheeling Leader.*

A LARGE majority of persons who skate do so under the evident impression that the skates are strapped to the back of the head; but that is not the proper way.—*Buffalo Express.*

IF Congress recommends a uniform standard of weights and measures for the civilized world, as has been proposed, David Davis and Alexander H. Stephens will be placed on equal footing.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"I SEE that Weber's opera of 'Oberon' is being sung ober on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, London. If this joke is printed in our records, I shall send a marked copy to Puck."—*Boston Courier.*

A KANSAS school board advertises for a "teacher who will preserve or break heads."—*Keokuk Constitution.* There are some heads up in Iowa that Goliath couldn't break.—*Ottawa (Kan.) Republican.*

PUCK, the chromo illustrated humorous paper of the nation, published in New York city, comes to our table as an exchange. It abounds with funny and sparkling articles throughout.—*Ottawa (Kan.) Republican.*

DID a Yonkers theatre party ever return in the midnight train without "giving it away" to everybody in the car with them where they had been? "Never!" "What, never?" "Well, hardly ever."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

THERE is one happy thing in store for the country. This Indian bureau business and the vexed question of its transfer will soon be finally settled. There won't be any Indians left to bureau.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WHEN a girl makes up her mind that the world isn't using her right, and that she is getting the bottom slice of bread at every meal, there is only one alternative—go on the stage and play Juliet.—*N. Y. Express.*

PISTOL, Shakspeare's character, was a son of a gun, wasn't he?—*Syracuse Sunday Times.* He must have been, for he came from that stock and took a pull at the nipple before he put on his first cap.—*New York News.*

"WHY is there no snow this winter up in the lumber districts?" asked Tom, looking up from the Stillwater Lumberman. "It geth thawed up," lisped Laura, and the conversation perisheth right there.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A JEWISH Rabbi of St. Louis says the prophets foretold, 3,000 years ago, of the plague which is now visiting Eastern Europe. It just shows how a prophecy is likely to come true if a man only has the patience to sit down and wait for it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE New York police think they have arrested one of the Manhattan Bank robbers. Let him be put away with the bones of Stewart, and the old Nathan murderers, and the man who struck William Patterson and got away with Charley Ross.—*N. O. Picayune.*

NAST, in his palmiest days, never got out such cartoons as now appear weekly in PUCK, drawn by the knowing Keppler. Besides these pointed productions of PUCK, its literary features are away above par. Its circulation grows here with each passing week.—*Wheeling Leader.*

IT is a noticeable fact that the people in the prairie country of Iowa do more work than any other people in the West. This is because there is nothing about the top rail of a barbed wire fence that invites men to sit on it and talk politics while the grasshoppers get in the crops.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WHAT did the paper collar?—*New York Herald.* What did the neck tie?—*Camden Post.* Who did the shirt cuff? How do the pants seam? When did the chest protector? Who leads the waist band? Whose pocket did tooth pick? Whose bell did ear ring? Next.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

"BEAUTIFUL moonlight when I came in last night," said Soszle breaking the ominous silence at breakfast.

"Yes," said Mrs. S. blandly, from the other side of the table, "but hardly light enough for you to open the front door with a boot hook or hang the door mat on the hat tree."

And then the hiatus in Soszles's mind between the time he said "goor ni ole fellar" at the corner of the street the night before, and when he found himself on the edge of the bed trying to pull his drawers off over his head, was filled.—*Boston Bulletin.*

PUCK's age this week is 100 and there is no signs of dotage about it. (W don't know the gender—he or she?) Like wine it improves with age. But seriously, we are glad to see it so successfully established. All other humorous papers, heretofore, have either failed or fallen into disrepute, but brains and pluck and the cleverest of cartoons have placed Puck on a foundation that promises to be lasting. Everlasting in fact.—*Hotel Gazette.*

A SOCIETY paper says: "Square necks are much worn on low corsages. V necks are also seen, but round, low necks are preferred by most young ladies for ball toilets." We prefer round, low necks, and object strongly to square necks, because the corners cut your arms, and the V necks (which mean five dollars, we suppose) are too costly.—*Derrick.*

OF late several copies of a paper called the *Congressional Record* have been received at the *Tribune* office. We don't know who sends it and we don't want it any longer. There are no pictures in it; no cookery department with recipes for pie; no instructions how to make tating or spatter work; no instructions how to take care of babies; no jokes; nothing but bad speeches by a few insignificant gentlemen. We don't see how the concern exists; it has no advertising patronage, and not a single letter setting forth the virtues of a baking-powder or a cough cure. If the friend or enemy who sends the thing to us will let us know the subscription price, we'll pay promptly to have it stopped.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

AH, yes, fond youth! It may be very nice to court a girl in the far northern countries where the nights are six months long; but just think of the vast amount of peanuts and gumdrops the young man, when going to see his girl, must lug along with him in order to kill time, and induce her to believe that his affection for her is as warm as ever. And then the sad leave-taking a few weeks before sunrise! He whispers "Good-night, love," and she softly murmurs, "Good-night, dear. When shall I see you again?" "To-morrow night," he replies, as he kisses her up-turned face. "To-morrow night," she repeats, with a voice full of emotion. "Six long, weary months! Can't you call around a few days before breakfast, Charles?" Finally Charles tears himself away, with a promise to write her one hundred and sixty letters before the next day draws to a close.—*Norristown Herald.*

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT gets up in the morning in time to see some rather curious things out of doors. While looking out at the window, and buttoning his suspenders, he says:

"Yonder, through dark draperies backward drawn,

I see the faded stars remotelier burn.
And glimmering on the dumb, cold lips of dawn,

Pale languors of inscrutable unconcern."

Do you suppose that the fellow who happened to be out about the same time, feeding his hogs, or splitting wood for his wife to get breakfast with, noticed that remarkable phenomenon—those pale languors of inscrutable unconcern glimmering on the dumb, cold lips of dawn? Hardly. And yet it must have been almost equal to a small aurora borealis. But is that what you call "poetry," or what is it?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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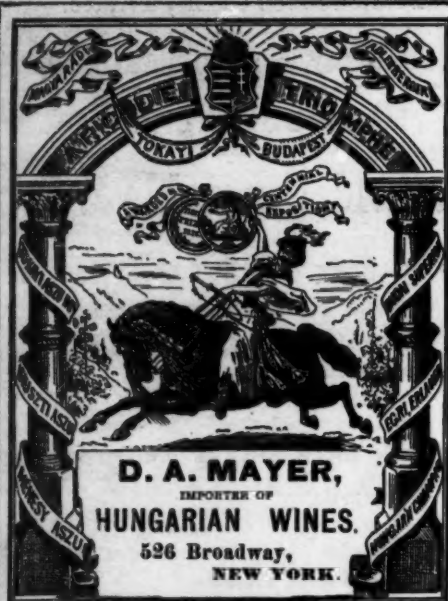
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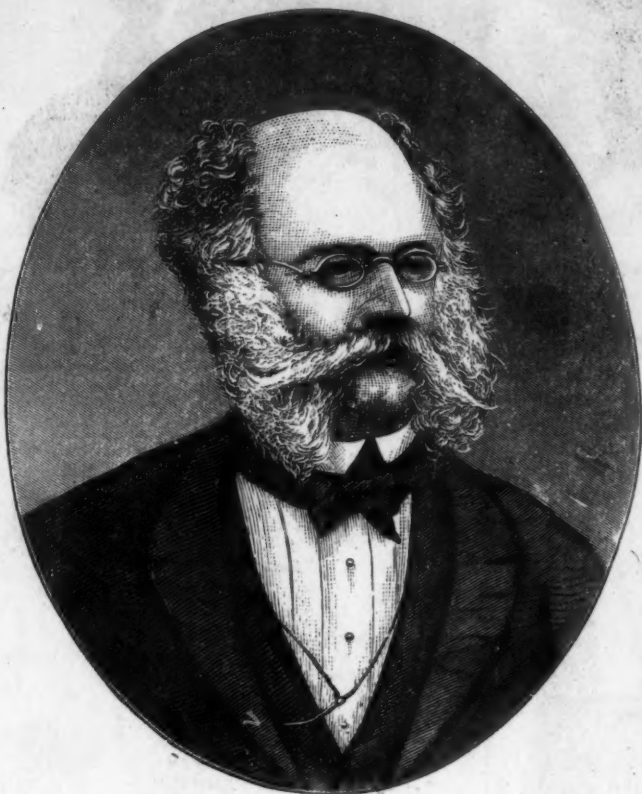
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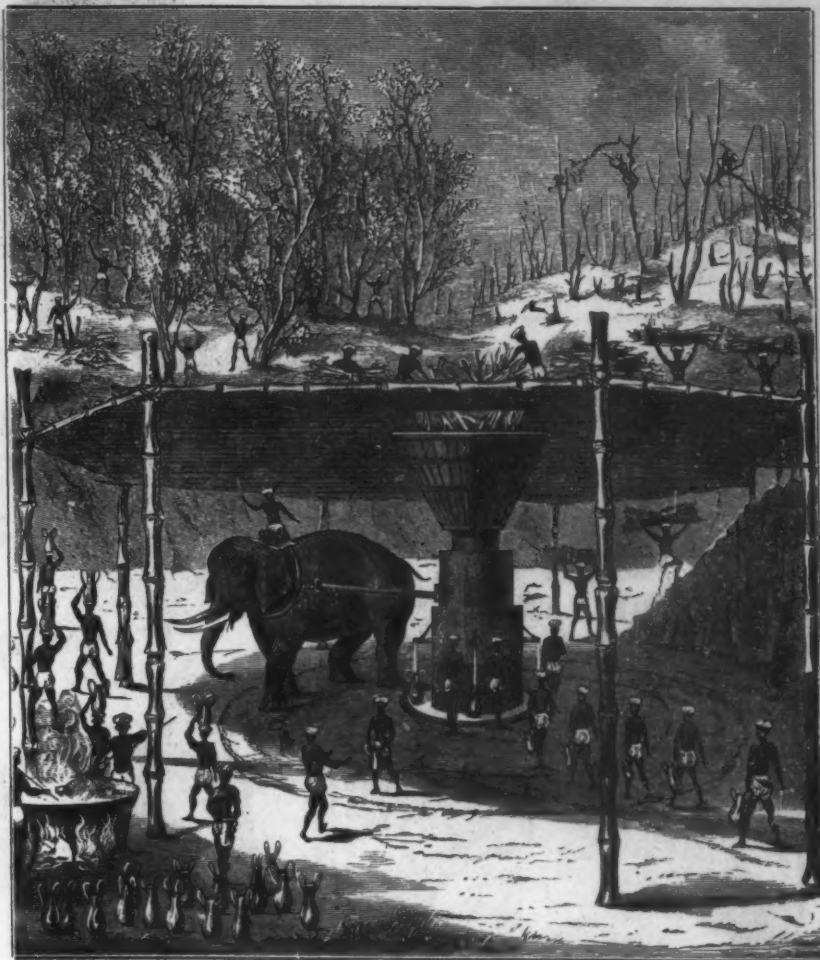
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I am happy to state, in response to your inquiry, that I am now entirely well, having been able, for the first time in three years, to walk without crutch or stick last week, and have been out on business to-day. My case had been one of so long standing that I had lost all hope of ever recovering; but, thanks to your SANDALINE, I am a well man again. If anyone has suffered with rheumatism in nearly every joint of his body, as I have for ten years, and after trying everything I could hear of, is finally cured by a few bottles of SANDALINE, he should be willing to let you refer to him. I am very willing, and remain yours truly,

ANDREW V. STOUT.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CASE.

NEW BEDFORD, November 13, 1879.

Dr. GOUNOD & Co.:

My leg has entirely healed up, which is the first time in eighteen years. It doesn't even itch now. I waited so long before answering you to see if it might not relapse. I thought the news was too good to be true, but it is true, and now I can stand by it as well as I can on my leg that was sore, and is now as strong and good as the other. I thank you very much for this.

L. P. STONEFIELD.

MONROE, Mich., November 14, 1878.

DEAR DR. GOUNOD:

I have no objection to your using my name as a sufferer from gravel stones and urinary deposits, which I had for six years without relief, until SANDALINE and SANDALINE LOTION entirely cured me. I owe you a debt of gratitude for it.

Ever yours sincerely,

M. J. BERGEN.

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New York, October 5, 1878.

DR. GOUNOD: Dear Sir—Having learned of your SANDALINE from a friend who had used it successfully in Europe, where, he informed me, it was well and favorably known, I was fortunate enough to be able to obtain two bottles of it here, and used it according to directions, sending to Europe for more.

The result simply astonished me and all my friends. IT CURED ME. I had been pronounced INCURABLE by the best physicians in this city, and having, as a final effort, applied to the professor at the College Clinic, heard him tell the students: "Diagnosis clear; Bright's disease, third stage; INCURABLE." I HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPES, and only took your preparation as a drowning man grasps a straw. But I FOUND IT MY SALVATION. Eight bottles did the complete work. You are at liberty to refer to me.

B. BRODIE, 135 West Seventy-fourth St.

CAIRO, Ill., December 27, 1878.

GENTLEMAN—I received the third package of SANDALINE and SANDALINE LOTION yesterday, and also your letter of inquiry. In reply I can say that SANDALINE has proved itself a quick and thorough remedy for chills and fever in my family, where other remedies had failed, and I most heartily recommend it to all who are similarly afflicted. I never saw anything do so well as the SANDALINE LOTION you directed me to apply over the liver on a bandage. You may publish this letter.

Yours respectfully,

A. R. SIMMONS.

352 WEST EIGHTEENTH ST., N. Y., Nov. 24, 1878.

Dr. GOUNOD, New York:

Dear Sir—With a grateful heart I desire to say that, having suffered from epilepsy in its worst form for several years, with seven or eight attacks a day, and after trying the best physicians in New York, your SANDALINE has entirely cured me. I have not had a fit in over a year, and feel well and strong.

Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM F. TASKER.

NASHUA, N. H., November 4, 1878.

Dr. E. J. GOUNOD:

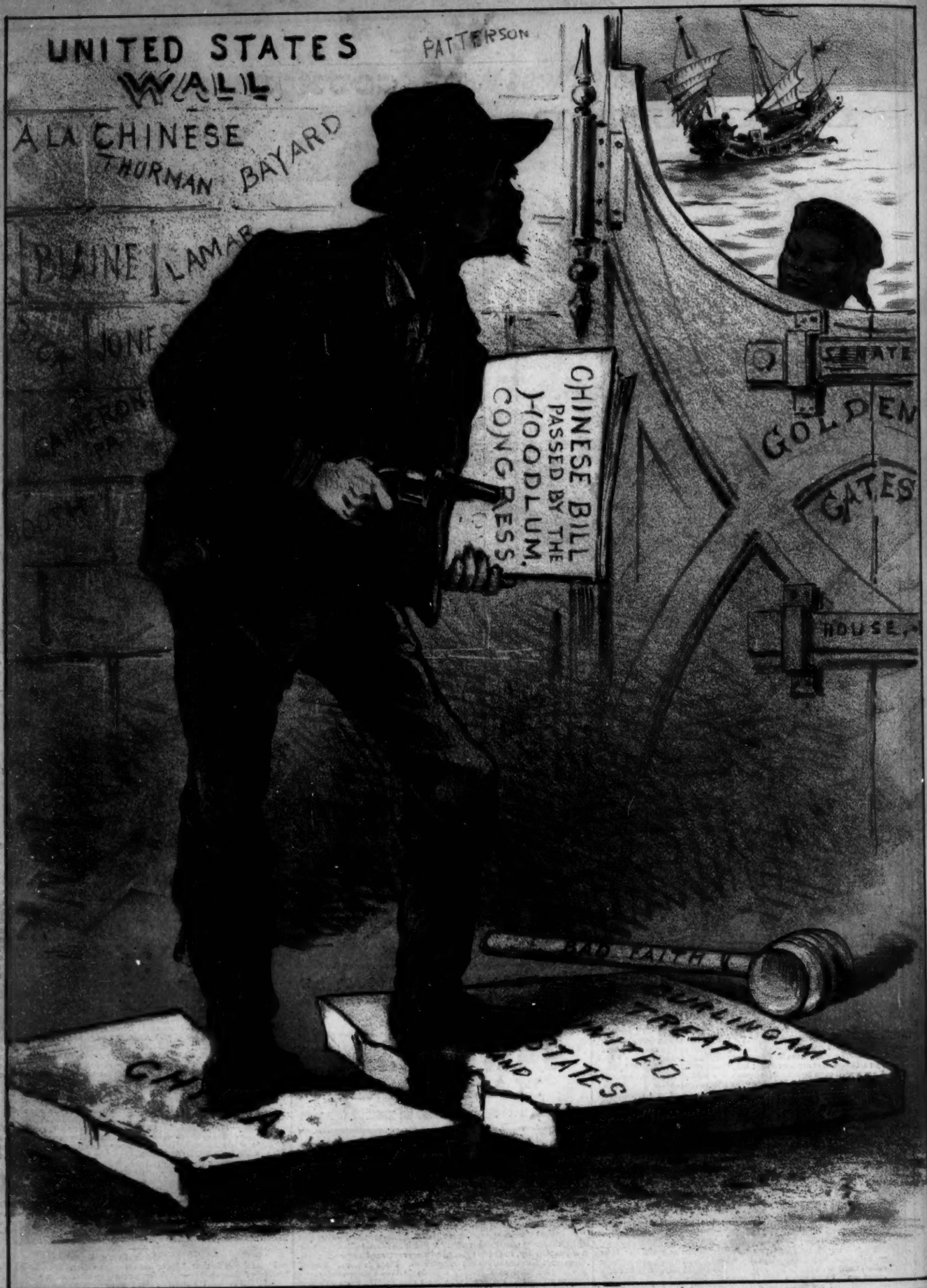
Dear Sir—You may publish my case now. I feel that I owe it to the community, as well as to yourself. Through want of experience in my youth, I had become a wreck, and suffered for years from complete mental, nervous and physical prostration. SANDALINE cured me, and I am now well and strong.

E. M. THROOP.

NEW HAVEN, September 30, 1878.

I would certify that I have been a great sufferer from a complication of female disorders for several years, and that Dr. GOUNOD'S SANDALINE, used according to his directions, cured me.

Mrs. W. L. MASON.



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